

# The Burnside Expedition.

ROANOKE AND NEWBERN.

*By B. F. Underwood, Adjutant, 5th, R. I. Vols.*

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The writer is under obligations to comrades who have rendered aid in the preparation of this paper, especially to Capt. James Moran of the 5th. R. I. Vols., whose personal recollections of many of the events narrated are full and vivid and whose memoranda and collection of material relating to his Regiment, have been of great value for reference.

ONE evening in October, 1861, General Ambrose E. Burnside was chatting with General McClelland in Washington, about war matters, when the Rhode Island General took occasion to broach a plan that he had formed of a campaign on the Atlantic Coast. He was asked by General McClelland to draw up his scheme in writing. This was done, and the plan met the approval of both General Mc-

Clelland and the Secretary of War. This was the origin of the now historical Burnside Expedition, concerning which its leader has said that "No body of troops ever had more difficulties to overcome in the same space of time. Its perils were both by land and water. Defeat never befell it. No gun was ever lost by it. Its experience was a succession of honorable victories."

The details of the proposed expedition were as follows (as given in the words of General Burnside):

"To organize a division of from twelve to fifteen thousand men, mainly from the States bordering on the North Atlantic Coast, many of whom would be familiar with the coasting trade, and to fit out a fleet of light-draught steamers, sailing vessels and barges, large enough to transport the division with its armament and supplies, so that it could be rapidly thrown from point to point on the coast, with a view to establishing lodgments on the southern coast, landing troops and penetrating into the interior, for the purpose of threatening the lines of transportation in the rear of the main army of the Confederates then concentrating in Virginia, and also for the purpose of holding possession of the inland waters on the Atlantic Coast."

To understand the need of such an undertaking it is necessary to bear in mind the peculiar nature of the Atlantic Coast and the especial facilities it afforded the Confederates for carrying on trade with foreign nations and smuggling in the munitions of war. Almost the entire coast of the Southern States is fringed by a series of long narrow sand islands broken through at intervals by inlets and inhabited by a scanty and miserable population of fishers and wreckers. The North Carolina Coast, with its huge sounds — Pamlico and Albemarle — connected with the interior by canals, rivers

and railroads, had been found by the rebels especially favorable for blockade running. The Navy-yard too, at Norfolk, which was in their possession, could be protected in the rear by fortifying the islands of the North Carolina Coast and the fortifications erected would, at the same time, serve to ensure the keeping up of supplies for the Army of Virginia. Accordingly, the enemy had erected two forts at Hatteras Inlet, and, after the capture of these in August, 1861, by General Butler and Commodore Stringham, had retired to Roanoke Island — lying between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, — and strongly fortified it, thus affording backing to numerous light-draught blockade-runners and also privateers which were preying upon the commerce of the Northern States, while on the shores of the Sounds, shipping and even iron-clads were building. It will thus be seen that the chief importance of the North Carolina naval expeditions, was in assisting the enforcement of the blockade, and the stopping of privateers from going to sea.

The Comte de Paris, in his admirable history of the Civil War, states that the blockade of the vast coast line of the Confederacy “ caused incalculable injury to the Southern people by depriving them of all the resources which they might have derived from Europe, and by preventing them from waging war on the sea, which would have ruined the commerce of the North. If this blockade had not been rigidly maintained, the Federals, would probably never have been able to subdue their adversaries.” ( Vol. i, page 426, Am. Ed. ) To the Fifth Rhode Island belongs the glory of having borne an honorable and useful part in the accomplishment of the important work. It should be mentioned also, that another object of the Burnside Expedition, was to keep in countenance the Union people of North Carolina, who were

then believed to be more numerous and well affected to the North than was afterwards discovered to be the fact.

In his instructions to General Burnside, dated Washington, January 7, 1862, Major General McClellan directed him to co-operate with Rear Admiral L. M. Goldsborough, at Fortress Munroe, – the common headquarters of the Expedition – and proceed at once to Hatteras Inlet, assuming the command of the garrison there, and, after having crossed into the Sound, make Roanoke Island the first point of attack. Next he was to make a descent upon Newburn, take it, reduce Fort Macon, to seize the railroad as far west as Goldsborough. It was even thought that Raleigh might be reached, and the Weldon railroad destroyed; but great caution was to be used in respect of these ultimate measures. Such was the general outline of the work to be done by the Coast Division of the Army of the Potomac in the Department of North Carolina.

General Burnside, having become identified with the interests of Rhode Island by marriage and residence, and being almost idolized by the people of the State, it was natural that he should first turn to them for recruits. Accordingly, on October 5th. 1861, an order was issued from the Adjutant General's Office, Providence, empowering Captains who had served in the First Regiment, and Commandants of all military organizations in the State, who so wished, to open their armories and places of rendezvous for the enlistment of men to serve for a period of three years, unless sooner discharged. This order of General Edward C. Mearns, gave birth to the Fifth Rhode Island. In a little less than three months, the First Battalion of the Regiment, consisting of five Companies left Providence for the front, the plan being gradually to raise other Battalions until the Regiment should be completed.



A bounty of fifteen dollars per man was offered – not a very tempting bait, in view of the high bounties afterwards given – and the recruiting posters gave assurance that no long and fatiguing marches would be required. The posters also stated that the men were to be armed with English Rifles and French Boarding Swords, and it was hoped that all who had served in the marine service of the United States would come forward and enlist. The “French Boarding Swords” turned out to be heavy and awkward sabre bayonets of calibre .577 short Enfield Rifles, and, after a few months trial, both guns and bayonets were exchanged for long Enfields with the ordinary triangular bayonets. The first superintendent of organization was Major Joseph P. Balch, who in about three weeks resigned, to be succeeded by Col. Christopher Blanding. The nucleus of the Battalion was formed by the Fifth Company, National Cadets, which went under canvass at Camp Greene, six or eight miles from the city of Providence, on the Stonington Railroad, October 8, 1861. The Captain of this Company, Arthur F. Dexter, labored faithfully to raise men for the new corps, and in three weeks two hundred and eleven men had already been raised, one Company, ( D. ) coming from Woonsocket. On November 7th. Captain John Wright, then in Washington, and connected with the Second Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, was appointed Major, of the Fifth, and went at once to Providence.

On the 16th. of December, 1861, the men were mustered into the service by Captain Cntts, of the United States Army and, at last, on December 27th. tents were joyfully struck. The Battalion was reviewed at three o'clock in the afternoon by Governor William Sprague, who gave a cheering and heartfelt address, and then the line was thrown into column and marched to the railway train *en route* for Annapolis and the Burnside Expedition.

At Philadelphia, which was reached at 9 o'clock P. M., the Battalion was served with an elegant collation by the Volunteer Relief Association. On the road to Baltimore, the bridges were passed that once had been burned by the "Secesh" the Spring before, and were, at the time the Battalion passed, rebuilt and guarded by troops. Arriving at Baltimore 9 A. M., Sunday, the men had to walk that disagreeable transfer of two miles, which everybody who passes through Baltimore knows of to his discomfort and annoyance. The ground passed over was the same as that traversed by the Sixth Massachusetts on the fatal 19th. of April previous. At Baltimore another lunch entertainment, and then to the cars again. At Annapolis' Junction, General Burnside was met. He was received with hearty cheers. While waiting for the train at the Junction the men profitably employed their time by watching the dress parade and drill of the 1st Michigan Volunteers, who were there encamped. This Regiment was in the full old regulation uniform, — plumed hats, shoulder scales and all.

Annapolis was reached at 8 P. M., tents were pitched in the dark, on the beautiful grounds of the Naval Academy, and, about midnight, the tired Rhode Islanders turned in for a sleep. The Academy grounds commanded a full view of the harbor and of the vessels upon which the troops were to embark. The day after arrival was devoted to straightening out the camp streets and getting things to rights. On the 4th. of January, the boy's hearts were gladdened by the sight of the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment which marched into the grounds and established camp near the Fifth, being destined to bear them company in the First Campaign. The same was true of Belger's Battery F., Rhode Island Light Artillery, which at this time also joined the Fifth. The Pat-



talion was Brigaded with the 8th. and 11th. Connecticut Regiments, and these, with the troops just mentioned, formed the Third Brigade of the Coast Division. Over the three Brigades of the Army of 16.000 men, General Burnside had appointed three tried and trusty friends. The command of the Third, he gave to General John G. Parke; of the Second, to General Jesse L. Reno; and of the First, to General John G. Foster.

It is time now to cast a glance at the *materiel* of the Expedition, and see in what way the transportation of the Army had been provided for. The Headquarters for Naval Matters was fixed at No. 7, Bowling Green, New York City. The Confederates had prepared for secession by scattering the Navy of the United States all over the World, the vessels in the Navy Yard at Norfolk had been destroyed, and almost all of the higher Naval Officers were in the service of the South. But the Government had gone bravely to work, and by the end of 1862, the Secretary of the Navy had ready, or nearly ready, a fleet of 180 vessels carrying some 800 guns in all. But at the time the Burnside Armada was in preparation, all ships needed had to be improvised or made over for the service. General Burnside's fleet of 29 Gunboats and 50 Transports presented, therefore, a very motley appearance. There were merchant steamers fitted out with guns; river barges strengthened by heavy bulk-planks and water-tight compartments to enable them to weather heavy storms at sea, carrying from four to six guns each, and arranged for the construction of parapets of sand-bags or hay-bales on deck; also tug boats and ferry boats, the latter having their passenger rooms on each side filled in with rough wooden bunks several tiers high, the open carriage ways in the centre form-

ing parade and drill grounds, while at the ends the cooks established their kitchens.

Finally, there were the transports and numerous light-draught sailing vessels loaded with rafts, building material for bridges, scows, entrenching implements, quarter-masters stores, tools, extra ordnance, &c. &c. All ships except the transports were ordered to Fortress Munroe. The transports were at Annapolis awaiting sailing orders.

At last the order to embark was given and joyfully obeyed. This was on Wednesday the 8th. of January, 1862. The Troops had received their first payment shortly before, and were in capital spirits. The Fifth Rhode Island was embarked on the "Kitty Simpson," Captain Hepburn. She was the largest sailing vessel in the fleet and had been freshly painted up for the occasion. But it was afterward discovered that she had been employed in the coolie trade, which accounted for the lively skirmishing for greybacks which was going on all the time the men were between the decks. \*

The passage down the bay was protracted, owing to dense fogs. The men employed their time in singing, dancing, smoking, playing cards and writing letters, as well as playing practical jokes on each other. One of these will illustrate the rest. One of the younger officers had climbed up into the rigging in order to extend his field of view, when, suddenly he heard cries of warning from the quarter deck where were a number of other officers with the Captain of the Ship. Looking down to see what was the matter, he was told to take a glance at two sailors who were going up the rigging, on opposite sides of the vessel, in order to catch him and tie him fast until he promised to treat the whole ship's crew, such being the custom when the sailors catch a land-lubber in the rigging. The officer remembered that when a little fellow in

Providence he used to go sometimes down to the wharves, climb the rigging of vessels, and then slide down a back stay. So he seized a back stay once more, just as the sailor's heads were on a level with the top on where he stood, and slid down to the deck in less than a minute. The sailors looked blank. An uproarious laugh was raised by all on the deck and the Captain assured him that after turning the tables on the crew so neatly as that, he was entitled to the freedom of the Ship.

The rations served on board the "Kitty Simpson," for the first two days after leaving Annapolis were hard bread and slices of raw salt pork ( ? ) rather rough fare for landsmen. But in a few days the cooks had their department in good working order, and the usual army rations were served.

Arriving at Fortress Munroe on Saturday, the "Kitty Simpson," cast anchor until Sunday noon, when, she was taken in tow and brought outside the Capes of Virginia *en route* for Hatteras with the rest of the fleet. Then the tow line was cast off, sails were set, and everything made ready for the voyage down the coast. At Cape Henry, the pilot left them, carrying with him 250 letters from the men.

When well out to sea, the sealed orders were opened by the commanding officers, and it was found that their destination was Hatteras Inlet. During the next night, the ship was hailed by a gunboat asking who they were and where bound. The Captain fearing privateers, first made no reply. Thereupon the summons was repeated with a threat that if not answered they would open fire, the intimidation being made forcible by a rattle of guns and placing of battle-lanterns as a preparation for action. Captain Hepburn gave the desired information and was admonished to keep as close up with the fleet as possible. Hatteras Inlet was reached by noon of Monday.

The bar was found to have only between eight and nine feet of water on it at full tide; but a large number of the ships, including the Kitty Simpson, drew from eight to ten feet when not loaded. As Monday night came on, a severe south-easterly gale began to blow and from all directions seaward such vessels of the fleet as were near at hand were seen hurrying in toward the harbor of "ship-breaking Hatteras." But only a comparatively few of the steamers succeeded in getting across the bar that day; the remainder of the fleet was dispersed. For nearly two weeks the storm raged with but a few hours occasional intermission, and threatened total destruction of the fleet. By the 17th. of January most of the ships had made harbor; but it was not until the 25th. that all arrived at their destination. Several boats were wrecked, among them was the gunboat Zouave. The steamer City of New York, laden with supplies and ordnance stores valued at a quarter of a million dollars ran on to the bar and was broken up by the waves; the officers and men clung to the rigging until next day when they were taken off in surf boats. The Pocahontas went down, carrying with her the 100 horses of the Fourth Rhode Island, also a floating battery, called the Grapeshot was swamped. Here then was poor comfort for the Kitty Simpson as she tossed at her anchorage a mile and more from the Inlet; sea-sickness raging on board, the ships tossing against each other in the little curve of the shore called harbor, sea and sky and sandy beach mingled together in wild uproar, the men working for three days throwing overboard gravel-ballast to lighten the ship, and a short distance off, the boilers of the City of New York visible above the waves, the wreck looking, as one of the men said, "like a graveyard under one's window," and seeming to warn her sister ship of approaching similar fate.

By Saturday, the 18th. the ship had been lightened two

and a half feet, and at 10 A. M., the propeller Virginia came alongside to tow her in. The sea was without a ripple, and everything looked as if the tempest-tossed Rhode Islanders would be within the bar in a short time. A ten inch hawser is made fast to the ship, anchors are drawn up and she moves off, the men congratulating themselves on the prospect of speedily getting out of the disagreeable ground-swell by which the ship would be raised and pulled up sharp on her anchor-chains and such a shock sent through her from stem to stern. that a man walking on deck felt, as one said, "as if he were hit on the top of the head and his brains driven down into his boots." Suddenly, as the two vessels are moving on a shock is felt, the hawser snaps like a thread, somebody on the Virginia shouts back through the fog an idle order to throw out an anchor, and the propeller moves off, leaving the ship to her fate.

It was a cowardly, and even criminal desertion and afterward many an honest oath was registered against the officers of the Virginia by the soldiers of the Fifth Battalion, when they thought of that dangerous situation on the shore of the Old North State. The Captain of the Kitty Simpson, who was an excellent seaman ordered the main and foresails set in order to catch all the wind he could and try to heel the ship over and keep her keel as much out of the sand as possible.

After lying in this predicament for a couple of hours, the ship was visited by Lieutenant Pell, ( an aide of General Burnside's ) in the ferry boat "Eagle." An attempt was again made to get off the vessel, but in vain. All this while the swell would raise us off the bottom, only when the wave went by, to throw us, with the whole weight of the vessel and cargo, on the bottom again. In this way we kept panding. Every time she would strike, the masts would shiver and bend



like fish poles placed on end and shaken in a man's hand. Then a yard would snap and tackling come rattling to the deck, to the imminent danger of the men beneath.

When the "Eagle," was steaming away, she was hailed by General Burnside, who asked why the ship could not be brought off. The reply was that so heavy a sea was running that it was impossible to go near enough to take off the men. The General said, "Haul your vessel alongside of mine and I will go myself. That vessel must be brought in tonight or the men taken off." The order was obeyed, the General was taken on board, but, after reconnoitering the situation, he probably concluded that the interests of the whole expedition did not warrant him in exposing his life to so great a hazard; for he returned to his own vessel, first leaving orders with the Captain of the ferry boat to take off the men if he could, but if not to lie by all night and render all the assistance in his power. Then began an exciting time. Two steamers were playing around the seemingly fated ship with her deck load of boys in blue, but both were afraid to come near enough for the transfer of the men by jumping. The small boat of the Kitty Simpson was crushed like an egg-shell by the ferry boat and no sooner were the vessels together, their sides grinding against each other, than away they would lunge 25 or 30 feet from each other. The air was filled with the loud shouts of Lieutenant Pell, and of the Captain of the Eagle, mingled with the equally loud orders of Captain Hepburn and Major Wright on board the ship. The soldiers stood with packed knapsacks ready to jump, and two actually did jump; one of them reached the hurricane deck of the ferry boat, and fell short, but fortunately saved his life by catching the rope of a fender. Then loud from the shouting officers resounded in the air, "the 'swearing in Flanders' was nothing to it."



Major Wright ordered that not a man of his Battalion should jump again. In the mean time Captain Hepburn had made fast a line to a can-buoy in the channel, and by the slacking of this line, and the comparison of his position with that of the City of New York, discovered that the ship was very slowly working toward deep water unaided. Still the position was a very critical one and the pilot of the "Eagle," who was well acquainted with the shoales and inlets of the place, afterwards said that in half an hour more the "Kitty Simpson," would have been beyond rescue.

The sun was setting gloriously in the western clouds as the little "Picquette" of General Burnside again steamed out with peremptory orders to run hawsers from the "Eagle" to the ship and begin to tow. The first rope breaks; then a great reserve hawser is got up from between decks. "That line will never part," said Mr. Fox, the mate of ship; "it will pull the bitts out of the ship first." And sure enough, the rope held, and after seven hours experience of something that looked very unpleasantly like shipwreck, the vessel glided into deep water and was towed into harbor, where the glimmering lights of the great fleet showed like the street lamps of a city, and where one seemed to be once more in comfortable relation with human beings.

Night came on, and with it the storm that had for some hours been threatening, a genuine Cape Hatteras storm, rain pouring in torrents, wind blowing a living gale, the clouds dipping down to the very masts and the darkness thick enough to be felt. It was a terrible night, and no one could doubt as to what would have been the fate of the crew of the Kitty Simpson, if she had remained on the bar. At ten o'clock minute guns were heard. Next morning vessels were seen in all directions with their flags union down in token of distress.

Crowded in the narrow anchorage and swashing about in the waves, they had run foul of each other, hawsers were entangled, gunboats drifted about threatening to crush the frailer vessels and fully one half of the transports were aground. One barque that had half a Connecticut Regiment on board went ashore on the south island and in a couple of weeks the sand had accumulated about her in such quantities that the men could walk out of her on every side for a distance of several yards. On the occurrence of another storm, several months after, which came from the opposite direction to the great storm just described, she was washed afloat again uninjured so far as could be seen.

But to return to the grounded fleet that morning after the rescue of the Fifth. Everything in the shape of a tug or propeller was called into requisition to aid in getting the distressed vessels afloat. This operation had to be repeated after every gale, and these occurred in rapid succession. Amid all these exciting scenes General Burnside moved calm and cheerful, steaming in his little flag boat from place to place directing and encouraging and making himself to his army an example of endurance they were glad to imitate. He performed all the duties of a harbor master, narrowly escaping from being swamped on more than one occasion. In the wildest storm his boat was seen breasting the waves, staggering beneath the blows of each successive sea, the decks swept fore and aft, and all on board reeling from side to side like drunken men. "One figure stood immovable, grasping by the bitts, scanning the horizon for traces of ships as the boat rose on each glittering mass of foam. It was the square manly form of General Burnside, whose anxiety for the fate of his army was intense." "With nothing to distinguish him," says one, "but his yellow belt and blue blouse, slouch hat and high

boots, he stood like a sea-king, hailing every vessel and asking after the welfare of those on board." Once only did he despond, and that was when his army was suffering from lack of water, the vessels containing the coal and water supplies having been driven out to sea by stress of weather. Flags of distress were at one time raised on many of the vessels, and General Burnside was almost in despair. He says:

"On one of these dreary days, I for a time gave up all hope, and walked to the bow of the vessel that I might be alone. Soon after, a small black cloud appeared in the angry gray sky just above the horizon and very soon spread so as to cover the entire canopy; in a few moments after, a most copious fall of rain came to our relief. Signals were given to spread sails to catch the water; and, in a short time an abundance was secured for the entire fleet. I was at once cheered up, but very much ashamed of the distrust which I had allowed to get the mastery of me." (*The Burnside Expedition, R. I. Soldiers and Sailors His. Soc. Tracts, Vol. II.*) The next thing to do after getting the fleet into the "swash" was to get it over the inner bar or bulkhead, a mile away. This bar was covered by only six feet of water.

On the swash the current was very swift, a circumstance which proved of great value to the fleet. For, by its aid, a channel eight feet deep was made, in the following way. Large steam vessels were driven into the sand and anchored there, then the current would wash the sand from under them, they were then driven a little further forward, the same operation repeated, until the channel was finally finished.

During all these days of lowering gloomy weather and stupid delay, the men of the Fifth Rhode Island preserved mostly the best of spirits. If the prospect of fog and looming giant trees, and hulks of ships with nothing but sand and

water on the horizon – if this prospect was gloomy, not so was the scene between decks. Among the officers, here was a group bending over the blocks with which the manoeuvres of companies on the field were represented, there was a knot of animated talkers discussing tactics, each meeting his opponents, with numerous references to Casey. Among the men, books and cards helped to pass away the time that was not devoted to scouring and cleaning something, or that was not employed in singing the national airs in chorus.

On the evening of the 4th. of February, word was given to the fleet to be ready to get under way in the morning. No news was more welcome, and song and cheerful talk sounded across the placid waters of Pamlico Sound now illuminated by the light of a crescent moon. The morning of the 5th. dawns clear as crystal with a fresh cold breeze from the north. Flags and pennants are floating gaily in the morning air, all hearts beat fast with expectation. The squadron falls into order the gunboats leading the way; the smaller vessels of war, carrying one or two guns, guard the flanks; in the middle move the transports and lighters with the troops; all of these pursuing the order of march of the Brigades they carry and advancing in three parallel columns. Particular instructions have been issued as to the manner of loading the launches, and the order to be observed by them in the landing of the troops. So all day long the great fleet moved majestically northward winding in and out over the glassy surface of the inland sea, while from the low and humid shore of the mainland loomed up in the still mirage the forms of the giant pines of the turpentine forests.

Roanoke Island, as has been stated, was regarded by the Confederates as a key-position to all the rear defences of Norfolk. “It unlocked two Sounds, eight Rivers, four Canals,



two Railroads," says Mr. Draper, in his History of the Civil War. "It guarded more than four fifths, of the supplies of Norfolk. The seizure of it endangered the subsistence of the Confederate Army there, threatened the Navy Yard, interrupted the communication between Norfolk and Richmond, and intervened between both and the South." It lodged an enemy in a safe harbor from the storms of Hatteras, gave him a rendezvous and a large rich range of supplies. It commanded the coast from Oregon Inlet to Cape Henry.

The island is famous in history as the scene of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonizing expedition, which established here the First English Settlement in America. It was here that Virginia Dare was born, the first English Child that opened its eyes on American Soil. The island was and is populated by a miserable fishing people and by swarms of mosquitoes that infest the rank and sedgy grass of the swamps. The people, it may be said in passing, were mild and inoffensive, and after they had taken the oath of allegiance, were granted protection and their destitute fed by the Union Army. The island is about twelve miles long from north to south, by three broad, lying midway between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. On the eastern side of it extends a narrow and shallow sound separating Roanoke Island from a long narrow spit of sand upon which the waters of the Atlantic break and expend their fury. On the western side, next the mainland, is Croatan Channel. Upon Roanoke Island, the Confederates had erected five earthworks defended by heavy guns, on the western shore Fort Bartow, mounting ten guns in casement; Fort Blanchard, four guns *en barbette* and Fort Hager, at Weir's Point, thirteen guns in embrasures. On the other side of the Island was Shallow-bag Bay Fort, and in the centre of the Island was the strongest redoubt of all, commanding the corduroy

road or causeway, that run across the island from shore to shore through what were believed by the rebels to be impassable marshes. In order to give full effect to these guns they had felled trees for a considerable distance in front of their battery on each flank, these trees serving as a formidable abattis.

( See the account of C. Henry Barney, of the Fifth R. I. in *Soldiers and Sailors His. Soc's. Mag. Vol. II.* )

Across the channel, called Croaton, the enemy had constructed a stockade consisting of sunken hulks of ships fastened together with piles, the whole commanded by the guns of the batteries of earth and sand on shore. Lurking behind the stockade were eight gunboats, improvised out of merchant steamers. They were under the command of Captain F. W. Lynch, late of our Navy. On the Island were three Confederate Regiments -- brave men to desperation, as their defence proved -- under the command of Brigadier General Henry A. Wise, Ex. Governor of Virginia. Wise was not on the island, however, at the time of the attack and the command devolved on Colonel Henry M. Shaw, the son of General Wise. Capt. O. Jennings Wise was present, in command of the famous " Virginia Blues."

The Union Fleet came to anchor about 5 o'clock, at the southern point of the island, near "the marshes." The next day proved too stormy for action; but on the 7th. at 9 o'clock the sun then shining clear in the sky, Flag Officer Goldsborough ran up the inspiring motto " The country expects every man to do his duty." and in an hour or so the two fleets and the batteries were hotly engaged. By noon the enemy's fleet had been driven further off and the guns of the forts nearly silenced. When night fell, the strongest of the Confederate Ships -- the Curlew -- had been sunk by a hundred pound shell; another vessel was disabled, and Capt. Lynch concluded to withdraw that he might save the rest.



During the encounter, the "Spaulding," with the 5th. R. I. aboard, was stationed almost within cannon range of the enemy, in a fine situation for observation. The men were especially struck with the plucky action of a small sloop which had, sometime before, been armed with a rifled 32 pounder and played, under command of an acting Masters mate. She was the only sailing vessel in the fleet of gunboats, and not drawing much water, was able to get in very close to Fort Bartow, tacking back and forth, and plunging shot after shot into it each time she came abreast. While every puff of smoke and boom of her gun was answered by the cheers of those aboard the "Spanlding."

The naval encounter was intended to cover the landing of the main body of the troops further in the rear at Ashby's Harbor, a landing place which had been pointed out to Gen. Burnside by an escaped negro lad named "Tom."

During the early part of the afternoon the troops were transferred to light-draught steamers and surf-boats, and about 4 o'clock P. M. the signal was given to land. Each steamer had in tow a line of twenty surf-boats, and as these latter approached the shore the word to "let go" was given, and, by the deft management of the steersmen, as well as the momentum they had acquired, they reached the shore in line. Each boat carried colors, and the precision of the movements was a beautiful thing to see. Conspicuous among the light steamers was an odd looking stern-wheeled craft nicknamed by the soldiers "The Wheelbarrow."

The scene of the landing was animated and spirited in a high degree. Any one who has been cooped up on a ship at sea for a month, as they had been, will be able to appreciate the exhilaration with which they reached *terra firma* again — to say nothing of the pleasure they felt, as brave men, and

new recruits ( many of them ) in the prospect of meeting the enemy, and such was their enthusiasm that all the discouraging features of the landing and first night's bivouac in the rain could not dampen their ardor. The damp struck no deeper than their coats. The shore was such that the boats grounded at some distance out, and the men had to jump overboard and wade through the sandy and peaty mud of the sedge and reed swamp, jumping over little intersecting creeks or estuaries, until dry ground was reached, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the boats. Rain set in early in the evening and turned the landing place into a perfect slough.

During the night the rain came down in a steady drizzle. The men made themselves as comfortable as they could with fires of fence rails and such other ignitable material as they could collect, and passed the hours of darkness in alternately warming themselves by the fire and dozing in the rain reclined against a stump or the butt of a tree. With the dawn they were astir, ate their rations, had their arms inspected and prepared to fall in at the word advance. That word soon came, and was obeyed with alacrity. General Foster led the way toward the central redoubt with the men of Massachusetts and Connecticut. The gallant and impetuous Reno, followed fast with his Brigade; Gen. Foster reaches the clearing in front of the enemy's battery, deploys his troops, posts his battery and engages the enemy with muskets and howitzers; Gen. Reno's troops after an hour and more of almost incredible exertion succeed in passing the morass on the right wading waist deep in water and mud, the officers cutting a way through the jungle of bushes and briars with their swords. On the left the 23rd. and 27th. Massachusetts, and the 4th. Rhode Island cut their way with equal difficulty through the swamp and appear on the enemy's right. At one o'clock the

redoubt was thus almost completely surrounded by flanking parties of the Union troops. Now the fiery Reno gives the word to charge; on rush his men in magnificent movement to storm the deadly breach; as they advance with fixed bayonets and muscles tensely strung, lips compressed, a low involuntary cry bursts from their lips, "a cry of exultation, of joy, which comes leaping from a thousand hearts, swelling into a perfect storm of cheers." They rapidly traverse the ground in front leap down into the ditch amid a shower of balls, clamber up the parapet, pour through the embrasures, drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet, and with thundering cheers plant their colors on the captured works. But the charge was almost simultaneous on the other flank of the enemy where Generals Foster and Parke were stationed. At the moment when Gen. Foster observed the embarrassment of the enemy at Gen. Reno's appearance on their right flank, Major Kimball of the 9th. New York (Hawkins' Zouaves), volunteered to lead the charge with his men and to carry the works at the point of the bayonet, a piece of work for which the Zouaves by their drill were peculiarly fitted. "You are the man!" exclaimed Gen. Foster, "The 9th. is the Regiment, and this is the moment! Zouaves, storm the battery! forward!" Then follows an exciting scene; the red-capped fellows dash into the road at double-quick time shouting "Zou! Zou! Zou!" leap into the ditch, mount the parapet and drive the enemy from their guns, and meet Gen. Reno's men at the flag-staff in the centre where they exchange congratulations. The enemy fled precipately, strawing the road with guns, bowie-knives, blankets, canteens and knapsacks. They were pursued and surrendered unconditionally. The remaining forts soon followed their example. In all, the prisoners amounted to 2677 men, 50 of whom were wounded. Among the latter

was Capt. O. Jennings Wise, a recent Editor of the "Richmond Whig," and one of the bravest of the defenders of the central redoubt. He was captured in a small boat which was trying to make its way to Nag's Head. His wounds were mortal and he died the next morning, defiant to the last. His artillery company, "Co. A." of the "Wise Legion," was the pet volunteer military organization of Richmond, dating its existence from 1793. The Company left behind it in the fort a beautiful white silk banner, tastefully embroidered by fair hands, and bearing the motto "Aut Vincere aut Mori," to "To Conquer or Die." It seems the most of them was unable to do either, although a few were found dead around their colors. The body of Capt. Wise was shortly after the battle exhumed by a detail of Lieut. Moran's men and sent to his father inside the rebel lines. Besides the prisoners taken in this splendid victory, there fell into the hands of General Burnside, five forts, winter quarters for some 4000 troops, 3000 stand of small arms, large hospitable buildings and a vast quantity of tools and materials for the construction of military works. The losses of the Union Forces were forty-one killed and and sixty-one wounded.

The news of the brilliant victory of Roanoke Island was received all through the North with feelings of exultation.

The winter had been so far one of inaction; cheering news had come of the victories at Forts Henry and Donaldson, but in the East little had as yet been done to arouse the public enthusiasm. Congratulatory letters were sent to General Burnside and Admiral Goldsborough from President Lincoln and the Secretaries of the War and Navy. The Mayor of New York issued a proclamation of congratulation, while in Providence salutes of hundred of guns were fired, troops paraded, bells were pealed, addresses made and the General As-

sembly, upon the recommendation of Gov. Sprague, voted to Gen. Burnside its thanks and a sword.

"When it is remembered," says Gen. Burnside in his report, "that for one month our officers and men had been confined on crowded ships during a period of unusual prevalence of severe storms, some of them having to be removed from stranded vessels, others in vessels thumping for days on sand banks and under constant apprehension of collision, then landing without blankets or tents on a marshy shore, wading knee-deep in mud and water to a permanent landing, exposed all night to a cold rain, then fighting for four hours, pursuing the enemy some eight miles, bivouacking in the rain, many of them without tents or covering, for two or three nights, it seems wonderful that not one complaint or murmur has been heard from them. They have endured all these hardships with the utmost fortitude and have exhibited on the battle-field a coolness, courage and perseverance worthy of veteran soldiers."

The day after the battle -- Sunday -- was a quiet one. Many made a survey of the battle-field, remarking upon the different positions of the troops. The dead were not all buried yet and in some places the bodies torn by cannon shot presented a ghastly spectacle. In one place lay three men like a row of fallen bricks, one over-lapping the other. They had been killed by the same shot from the parapet. The first had been struck on the head, carrying it away; the second was hit on the shoulder, carrying that off and leaving a horrible hole; the third was hit in the abdomen, and his intestines were scattered around. One of the men saw an old boot on the ground and gave it a kick; it seemed heavier than a boot should be, and on picking it up a foot and a part of the leg of some unfortunate man were found encased within it.



During the month of February, the prisoners were released on parole, an act of the Commander's designed to serve as an example to the Confederates in their treatment of Union prisoners. It received the approval of the Secretary of War. No General was ever more beloved by troops than was General Burnside. He was always doing some little thing or other that would contribute to the comfort of his soldiers. He would drop into a tent and sit and talk a long time with the men and officers or stop to take notice of a company complimenting them on their proficiency in the manual of the rifle, the neatness of their camp and the like. Or a company would have the pleasure of receiving from him a couple of New York Herald's or other newspapers. It was a striking peculiarity of the Army of the North during the war — this love of newspaper reading. Even the sentinel, as he paced his lonely round would often have a newspaper in one hand and his gun in the other, if he thought no one was observing him.

One of the principal diversion of the men while at Roanoke Island was the manufacture of briar-wood pipes, the woods abounding with the material for these fragrant and valuable articles.

A pleasant episode in the monotonous life at Roanoke was the expedition up Currituck Sound undertaken for the purpose of destroying some salt works which were said to be in operation some sixty miles distant from Fort Bartow. The force was composed of the Fifth Rhode Island and a detachment of sailors under the joint command of Major Wright and Lieutenant Jeffers, of the Navy. The detachment embarked on the "Wheelbarrow" or Union, a flat-bottomed stern-wheeler drawing very little water. She had in tow a couple of launches armed with a boat howitzer each. When the Currituck Narrows was reached it was found that even



the " Wheelbarrow " could not make her way through such shallow water, although cables and anchors were put out on the shore and endeavors made to warp her round the bends. Part of the time the stern wheel was on the bank throwing up mud instead of water. The launches were found to draw even more water than the steamer; so there was nothing to do but return, an event not much to be regretted, for it was learned afterwards that the importance of the salt works had been very much exaggerated. They in fact, consisted of nothing more than two or three large iron kettles borrowed from the neighbors for the purpose of boiling down sea-water.

Nevertheless, the Fifth had its fun out of the trip. As darkness came on, the steamer anchored for the night and by daylight next morning was under way again on her return trip. On coming up the sound the day before a small schooner had been noticed lying at anchor on the west shore. It was determined to take her along, since, if not so taken, she would be useful to the Rebels in ferrying their men to and fro. Indeed it was afterwards learned that she had been used for the conveying of Gen. Wise from Nag's Head to the mainland just after the battle. When the steamer stopped at the landing where the schooner lay, a number of officers and men received permission to go ashore. They had instructions not to go far, and were told that the boat would wait for them one hour. The blowing of the steamer's whistle was to be the signal of recall. The younger men, some of them, kept going farther and farther from the landing until they found themselves three or four miles away. They wanted some fresh provisions after their long abstinence from anything of the kind; and, as they were pretty well supplied with money (not having had an opportunity of spending any since leaving Annapolis where they had been paid); they were willing to

pay large prices for such things as they craved, and that, to, in gold -- a circulating medium that made the eyes of the Southerners sparkle with pleasure. No plundering was allowed by Gen. Burnside under any circumstances, and the command was pretty faithfully obeyed.

One of the officers gives an interesting account of the experiences of himself and the rest of the younger men who had gone farthest from the steamboat.

At one house the party had quite a funny experience. When they entered the yard no one was to be seen, not even a dog. Pretty soon the old man came in out of a clump of bushes near the house. He was met on the piazza and asked if any one was in? He said. "No, they are all away."

Some one said that he need not be affraid, no one would do them any harm. He put on what was meant to be a bold front -- at the same time shaking all over -- and replied that he had never seen a man yet he was affraid of. He was again assured that the party were not there for the purpose of injuring peacable citizens, all they wanted was to buy some fowls and eggs and the like. They had not been talking long in that strain, when a commotion was noticed under a bed in one of the rooms. It was immediately seen to be caused by the old woman who had taken refuge there. When she came out, the hearty laugh that greeted her, and the good-natured rallying she received for hiding under the bed, put her in great good humor. She went immediately went into another room and the result was, that a daughter came out from under another bed. She then went to the back door of the house and raising her voice to its highest pitch called another daughter, who thereupon emerged from the woods which are conveniently near almost all the houses down there. The daughters were good-looking girls of about twenty years in age.

They came in and sat down, joining in the conversation which now turned on what could be bought. Various purchases of farmers truck were made, and when the party left they were quite cordial in their good-bye.

While these things were going on the steamboat's whistle had blown itself hoarse in the attempt to recall the stragglers, who were slowly returning with chickens and geese slung over their shoulders, and eggs either tied up in handkerchiefs or carried in hats and pockets. Finally the officers in command determined to raise anchor and proceed across the Sound to a house where they had noticed the Union flag floating.

A mate and a few sailors were left in charge of the captured schooner with orders to wait for the men who were still on shore.

The Union flag proved to be the property of a thorough patriot, a Baptist or Episcopal Minister. He had a large plantation and about fifty slaves. The "pickaninnies" were tumbling about everywhere, and the old gentleman had quite a patriarchal air. He invited the company to a dinner of ham and chicken and sausages, flanked by corn bread and hominy, with a dessert of pudding. Not long after dinner, both parties were together again comparing experiences. By nightfall they were back at their quarters on Roanoke Island.

During the month of February, Roanoke Island had been put in a suitable state of defence, the oath of allegiance administered to the inhabitants, and a proclamation issued to the people of North Carolina, inviting them to return to their allegiance. The government was still under the illusion that a prevalent Union Sentiment existed in the old North State. General Burnside was also making preparations for another important expedition, in accordance with his instructions.

Accordingly scouts had been sent out to the vicinity of

Newbern and Beaufort to reconnoitre and report upon the nature and extent of the enemy's works in those places. The first objective point of attack was to be Newbern.

On the 6th. of February the order was given to embark. On the 9th. all the troops were aboard ship, and the fleet of saucy little gunboats and big white steamboats, heavy transport propellers, ugly but industrious ferry-boats and, busy swift little tugs steamed away from Pork Point Landing for Newbern and the Neuse River. On the 11th. the fleet anchored off Hatteras Inlet and here Admiral Goldsborough was called away to the Chesapeake by the portentous news concerning the doings of the Merrimac in Hampton Roads. Commander Rowan was left in charge of the fleet. The Fifth had been embarked on the ferry-boats Curlew and Eagle. Major Wright and staff companies C. and B. on the Eagle, and companies A. D. and E. on the Curlew. The morning of the rendezvous at Hattaras was beautiful beyond description. The sun rose out of the sea without a cloud to obscure his brilliancy. The body of the Sound was as smooth as a mirror, not a ripple to agitate its surface, which appeared in the rosy light of the morning like burnished gold. Every vessel of the fleet from the largest to the smallest, was decked with gay flags that hung idly by the mast, only the pennons of certain gunboats and tugs, that were moving about to convey orders, streamed out horizontally in the air. It was a pleasure to watch the gentle undulations of the waves produced in the wake of these moving craft, while, to complete the picture, a mile or two away stretched the low-lying shore of the mainland, spotted and dappled with every shade of springing vegetation. In the distance across the Sound lay the low sandy expanse of Hatteras with its forts, and flagstaff, and bleak looking guns pointing in all directions; -- and all this



scene bathed in the tender haze of a southern sky.

The fleet got under way on the morning of the 12th. of February, and Gen. Burnside at that time issued a proclamation to the troops informing them that they were on the eve of an important movement which would greatly demoralize the enemy, and assist the Army of the Potomac in its contemplated operations against Richmond.

The soldiers of the Fifth were in fine spirits, and some of them passed the afternoon in identifying, by the aid of a chart, the points of land that were passed. Their approach along the coast was heralded by watch-fires which sent up dense volumes of black smoke, calling on the people from far and near to arm and prepare to resist the northern invader. As the fires faded into darkness and their smoke blended with the evening mist, the transports dropped anchor under the protecting guns of the naval vessels at the mouth of Slocum's Creek some fifteen miles below Newbern. A rebel had been captured from a dug-out on the way and he was to be made use of as a guide on the following day. No sooner had the ships come to anchor, as just mentioned, than word was passed around from vessel to vessel that Gen. Burnside had been promoted by the President to the rank of Major General. The news was received with cheer after cheer, repeated again and again, for no honor was considered too high for their beloved Commander by the men who were proud to serve under him.

The morning of the 13th. opened cheerless and rainy. But nevertheless, at reveille an order was read directing the troops to land in light marching order; that is, with rubber and woollen blankets rolled and worn on the shoulder, also haversacks and canteens, and sixty rounds of cartridges to the man. The sun broke brightly through the clouds at 8, A. M., and the

men in high spirits prepared to land, an operation that took until 4, P. M. The first man ashore was Color Sergeant Poppie, of the Sixty First New York. Many of the men in their eagerness leaped from the boats when they grounded, and waded, sometimes waist deep, to the shore.

It is time now to describe the elaborate and extensive defences of Newbern against which the Federal Commanders were leading their army. The obstructions in the River Neuse were formidable. The Confederates had built a barrier of piles, cutting them off below the water, and in addition another row of piles pointed and iron-capped and pointed down stream, all under water. Near these was a row of thirty torpedoes containing about two hundred pounds of powder each and fitted with metal fuses connected with percussion locks, their trigger lines being attached to the iron-shod piles. There was a second barrier about a mile above the first composed of sunken vessels and chevaux de frise. Our vessels, however, it may be said here, succeeded in passing all these obstructions without serious injury. The torpedoes failed to explode, and the iron-capped piles only slightly injured two of the ships. There were also along the river six forts or earthworks, mounting in all thirty-two guns, mostly *en barbette*. During the engagement that followed not a single marine was injured by the force fighting behind all these elaborate fortifications.

On the land, beginning farthest down the river, there were first, two works; Fort Ellis and Fort Dixie. These outworks were abandoned by the enemy on the approach of our troops. The main works were as follows. On the river bank a large fort had been constructed, hexagonal in shape, mounting thirteen guns, and completely commanding the river channel on



the one side and the line of works on the other. Also a large redoubt of an irregular form, partly constructed in the railroad embankment, and joined with the first mentioned fort by a strong redan. Beyond the railroad was a system of redoubts, thirteen in number, and a mile in length, erected upon six small mounds or hills. The whole line of works had a two miles frontage, and was defended by forty six guns. It was against such works defended by from six to eight thousand men, that General Burnside was moving, with no artillery except a battery of half a dozen howitzers loaned him by the Navy. He knew his men, however, he was going to "move on the works and capture them."

To return to the land force. The rebels had been driven from the banks of the creek by shells from the gunboats, and as the soldiers landed they pressed on in pursuit of the enemy's mounted pickets, driving them back for five or six miles past their barracks and past a splendid battery of four guns, which latter was removed by the Confederates as they fled. The gunboats kept ascending the river parallel with the column on shore and shelling the woods as they went. It was raining in a steady disagreeable drizzle, and soon the roads assumed a horrible condition. The sticky clay was from two to six inches deep, and more in places. and the men's boots and trowsers became so loaded with it that they could scarcely walk. At every stopping place they occupied themselves in scraping it off with jack-knives or anything suitable they could get their hands on. The six howitzers were dragged through the slough with the utmost exertions of relays of men. The march of twelve weary miles occupied all day.

The situation was something like that of the first march to Manassas described by Mr. Warren Lee Goss ( *In the Century Magazine.* ) He says.

“The army resembled, more than anything else, a congregation of flies making a pilgrimage through molasses. The boys called their feet ‘pontons’ ‘mud hooks’ ‘soil excavators’ and other names not quite so polite. To realize the situation, spread tar a foot deep all over your back-yard, and then try to walk through it. When we halted to rest by the wayside, our feet were in the way of ourselves and everybody else. ‘Keep your mud-hooks out of my way.’ ‘Save your pontoons for another bridge,’ were heard on all sides, mingled with all the reckless, profane and quaint jokes common to the army, and which are not for print.”

As evening came on the enemy's first line of defence was passed without opposition. At dark the Fifth Battalion stacked arms on the left of the road and prepared to bivouac. The night was cold and showery and the prospects of a sleep were extremely slender. It was almost impossible to find a place which to lie down or spread a blanket. The ground was flat and the water lay upon it in a perfect sheet of a few inches in depth, except at the foot of the pine trees with which the whole region was heavily timbered. All that most of the men could do was to select the foot of a tree, lean their backs against it, pull hats over eyes and cape of overcoat around the neck, and attempt to go to sleep. Some camped around fires that they made in a farm yard by the road. A few had the good fortune to get into a negro hut where some stragglers from the 4th. Rhode Island were cooking a savory mess of chicken soup in the broad fire-place.

At day-light the troops were astir, breakfast was eaten, such as it was; the line was formed and the roll called, and about eight o'clock the word “Forward” was given to the eager lines. The Fifth marched forward and took up a position on the left of Gen. Parke's Brigade which occupied the

centre of the attacking line. This was at a point some half a mile from the enemy's works. At this point Gen. Burnside had stationed himself with some members of his staff, and, as the troops filed by, they caught new inspiration from his noble countenance. Just at this time a shell came screaming by cut off a large limb from a tree under which the General and his staff were sitting on their horses, and exploded far behind them. The restive horses caprioled about, shot and shell hissed through the foliage like rain upon a seething sea, the men grew excited and started a cheer at the prospect of a battle, but this was checked by the officers on account of the close proximity of the enemy, it not being advisable to give him any intimation of their movements. At this point the head of the column was turned to the left, and, advancing at double-quick, came in "on the right by file into line" in front of the Confederates' abatis, and a work of over a quarter of a mile in depth, made by cutting down trees so as to form a tangled and almost impenetrable jungle. When the line was formed, the men were ordered to lie down and await further orders. Showers of balls whizzed over their heads in amazing proximity, bringing down twigs and branches from every tree, and clipping by with musical "zing" close to heads and limbs, but, fortunately, no one was hurt.

Presently a commotion was observed in the abatis, and soon men of the 21st. Massachusetts came breaking their way through it. They stated, that they had made a charge and been inside the rebel breast-works, but not being supported, and there being only four companies of them, they had been forced to retire. It was afterwards learned that Gen. Reno, in attempting to turn the enemy's right, was misled by the dense fog that enveloped the whole region, and found himself, not on the enemy's right, but in front of their re-

doubts and redans. His only resource was to charge. This Lieut. Col. Clark did with four companies in a most gallant style, but failing to be reinforced by Gen. Reno, was forced to retire as has been stated.

After a while an aide de camp came up with orders for the whole Brigade to advance. The detachment formed in column of fours and moved at a double-quick past Gen. Parke ( who reviewed them as he sat on horse-back, ) till the railroad embankment was reached. The Battalion then changed direction to the right, the 8th. Connecticut allowing them to take up position next the 4th. Rhode Island. The 4th. was to charge the enemy's works in front, the 5th. had instructions to keep up a fire on the enemy's flank on the hither side of the railroad until they heard the 4th. cheer, when their firing was to cease that they might not injure friends. At the moment when the 8th. Connecticut halted to allow the 5th. to pass, the cry " Charge Rhode Island ! " was raised and the 5th. rushed on along and parallel to the railroad plunging over logs, gullies and ditches, through mud and water, until they found themselves inside the enemy's works, at a place called the " brick-yard " where there were three or four buildings held by rebel sharpshooters. These were quickly dislodged, and the 5th. formed line under the crest of a small ridge commanding the enemy's rifle-pits on the other side of the railroad. Here they fired their volley, advancing to the brow of the hill, taking aim, firing, and then retiring a few steps to reload. That first volley, the rebel prisoners afterwards said, killed fifteen men. The fire was kept steadily up, the gray-coats replying with a will, although their fire was thrice slackened by the steady fusilade poured into them by the 5th. Co. A., being nearest the enemy was perhaps most annoyed by his fire. At one time the fire of the men was in-

interrupted by a rumor that they were firing into the 4th., the fog and smoke and trees, preventing their seeing anything far in front of them; but a puff of wind lifted the fog and the Rhode Islanders saw with joy that they had been firing at the gray coats and caps of the foe. Presently a prolonged cheer was heard, not the "yi! yi! yi!" of the rebels, but a genuine Yankee cheer, and the order was given to cease firing. The cheer was that of the 4th. Rhode Island, whose charge had decided the victory.

Shortly after the order to "cease firing" was received, a regiment, dressed in gray, was seen approaching through the fog in the rear. Supposing them to be Confederates, the officers gave the command to "about face," and make ready to fire. Just then an aide came up in haste and said the Regiment was the 8th. Connecticut, who wore gray overcoats, and that all were to pursue the flying enemy at once. The announcement was received with cheer upon cheer, the two regiments joined the rest of the Brigade in the road where cordial greetings were being given and received. As General Burnside made his appearance the cheering and hurrahing were redoubled, and kept up at intervals all the way to Newbern. A large portion of the Confederate Army, it was found had got aboard a train of cars waiting for them near the battle-field, and crossed the Trent, burning the railroad bridge and the draw-bridge after them; and did they stop in their flight until they had reached Kingston and put another river between them and the victorious Union Army. Others of them escaped by the country road and bridge across the Trent while still another detachment crossed Bryer's Creek and made for Trenton, a village some fifteen or twenty miles across the country.

The town of Newbern they set on fire in several places, but G. n. Foster's troops were soon ferried across the river by the



gunboats and succeeded in preventing the spread of the flames. Further pursuit being useless. the troops were moved back a certain distance and went into quarters. The Fifth took up quarters in an abandoned artillery camp about a mile from the city where the fires of the rebels were still burning. The bread partly in the troughs and partly warm from the ovens.

Thus closed at five o'clock P. M., this hard days work of fighting in a fog. The capture of Newbern gave us the control of the North Carolina Coast washed by the two great Sounds. There were taken about two hundred prisoners, sixty-six guns, a large amount of forage and supplies, barracks for ten thousand men and a great quantity of fire-arms equipments, accoutrements, and horses abandoned by the retreating foe.

Gen. Burnside issued as at Roanoke, a congratulatory order to his troops; and, as he there had directed them to inscribe on their banners the word "Roanoke" so here they were directed to inscribe in addition, the memorable name "Newbern." Gen. Foster was made Military Governor of Newbern, and under his rule the city was soon repeopled by its inhabitants. The weather was delightfully mild for Spring, and the air was fragrant with the odors of peach blossoms and newly blown flowers. Congratulatory letters were received from high functionaries at Washington and extracts from them were made known to the troops who were complimented by President Lincoln and the Secretary of War for their high discipline and cheerful spirit in the face of difficulties and discouragements. There was only one drawback to the general joy and that was, the sorrow over the loss of comrades slain. The Union Army had 88 killed and 352 wounded.



